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## STOCK AND WORK.

Stock is a fine, honest, well-to-do business man, always dressed in good broadcloth, with a pair of handsome top-boots, and very anxious to have everything comfortable about him. Work is a rough, sturdy fellow in a fustian jacket, and seldom a clean face, but not by any means generally ill off. Both are sound-hearted Englishmen, that would fight to the last drop of their blood, and last farthing in their purse, for the honour and safety of their country: they would go heart and hand together against any envious foreign dog who should think of troubling them; yet they have occasionally very bitter-looking quarrels between themselves. It is rather an amusing sort of contention that Stock and Work fall into, not unlike those squabbles which sometimes take place about trifles between man and wife, while both know all the time that they are the best friends in the world, and that their interests are absolutely identical. The tussle, nevertheless, sometimes gets to a great pitch; and if you were to judge from their looks and words, you might suppose them to be on the point of killing each other. Work has even been known to threaten Stock with a cudgel, and two or three times he has gone to the public-house and asked for a week or two, declaring he would never see Stock's face again. But somehow the wife and children always get round him, and, being an excellent fellow at bottom, he generally consents to forget all that has passed, and become good friends with Stock again, before any irremediable mischief has happened.

Stock and Work had an unusually dreadful quarrel not long ago. It began on Work's side, but was not so much his own blame, as that of certain foolish companions, who wished to persuade him, even against his own feelings, that he was extremely ill-used. Work, being at last fully incensed by these evil advisers, broke out upon Stock one day with the utmost fury, inasmuch that some people expected to see nothing less than bloodshed. Stock acted like himself, and stood quite still, while Work went on like a raging devil, calling him all sorts of bad names, and threatening to knock his brains out. Well did Stock know whence came all this violence: he could not but feel angry, but the very violence of the assault served to keep him calm. When Work had said his worst, he went away muttering threats of vengeance against Stock; and it is said he was not heard to speak one pleasant word at home for a week after.

Stock took the matter very highly at first, said he could not stand this kind of nonsense continually, and that he would rather go abroad, and see if he could do any business there, than be exposed longer to such annoyances at home. 'It is true,' he said, 'Work and I have been brought up together, and have maintained

a worrying kind of friendship all our days: I like the fellow with all his absurdities, and I believe he has a secret respect for me too; but really to be exposed every now and then to such attacks as these, is more than my temper can endure. It makes me quite uncomfortable in my own house. I believe I am falling out of my clothes purely in consequence of it. Far better we should make an end of it, and part.' Some mutual friends thought it would be a pity if two such old associates were to break entirely off with each other, particularly as the consequence to Work must be that, without support from Stock, he and his large young family must be thrown upon the parish. So they interfered to bring about a reconciliation—in which, by the by, they found the chief difficulty to be with Work, who had given all the provocation. At last he was prevailed on to come to a meeting, where Stock was also to be, that they might, if possible, have at least some peaceable conversation on the matters in dispute.

'Well, Work,' said Stock, as soon as they met, 'you seem to be calmer now. What is it, I should like to know, that you have to say against me? or what excuse have you to make for that affront you put upon me a week ago?'

'Why, Mr Stock,' answered Work, 'the fact is, that we men are beginning to think that we are oppressed by you masters; and that, because we are poor men, and cannot help ourselves, you pay us only such wages as you choose, and thus make great profits, while we starve. We have had it all fully discussed in our union; and it must be true, I take it, for nobody has a different opinion.'

'A pretty reason for its being true indeed! You hear only one side; and because there is no dissentient voice, you conclude that there is nothing to be said to the contrary.'

'But you masters hear only one side too, and never listen to a word that we have to say; or at least if you hear it, you knock it down with some piece of political economy which we do not understand, so it is the same to us as if you had not heard it.'

'There is some truth in what you say; at least, grant there is. It is only, like your own, a very natural error. But I will, if you please, pursue a different plan. I will listen to everything you have to say, and give it a candid consideration. So, if you listen as candidly to such answers as I can make, we may have a chance of coming to a right understanding.'

'Very well, sir; all I would stipulate for is, that you give me no political economy, for that is a thing evidently got up to keep down the working-people, and we can't abide it nohow. All the mischief comes from that, I think.'

'I don't intend to resort formally to political economy in our conversation, but I will bring forward common-

sense views, which perhaps a political economist would say came to the same thing. I may remark, however, that political economy is not rightly regarded either by its friends or its enemies. It is a new science, trying to make out the natural laws which govern the operations of industry and the disposal of the results. If it can do so, it will be a boon to us all, and therefore we ought to treat it with respect. But then, as a new, it is an imperfect science: many of its dogmas would require the stamp of experience to sanction them. If its friends would keep this in view, and press their doctrines with caution, and if its enemies would make some allowance for the ardour of its friends, and believe all to be well meant, though much must be mistaken, then I think political economy would assume a truer position than it at present enjoys, and some good might be derived from it. Let us hear, however, what charge you have first to bring against us masters?

'Why, the first charge is, that your wealth enables you to oppress us; and you do it. We feel that capital is always, somehow, the enemy of labour, and we hate capital accordingly. It is the one accursed thing which more than any other makes this a world of misery.'

'That is a serious charge indeed, but I hope it is substantially an unjust one.'

'Does not the master use his capital to get our work, which makes him still richer, while we never are any richer? and does not he employ his additional wealth in repeating this process, till the difference between his grandeur and our poverty gets beyond all bounds?'

'He does use his capital to get your work, and this makes him still richer; but he is not answerable for your continuing in poverty. Instead of being poorer by reason of his capital, you are the richer. It gives you comforts which you never could have otherwise enjoyed.'

'I should like to know how that is the case. I assure you I feel nothing of the kind.'

'Yet the fact is certain, that wherever there is no capital, the working-people are in misery, and only where there is much capital is there any considerable portion of them well off. A learned Frenchman has pointed out that, according to Homer, it required twelve women to grind corn (which was then done by hand-mills) for the persons composing the household of Penelope, queen of Ithaca. He estimates this as probably one person for every twenty-five. Now, a large mill, got up by capital, can grind corn for a hundred thousand persons, while only employing about twenty men; that is, one person employed for every five thousand consumers. Where the products of toil were so small as amongst Penelope's grinders, they could only be supported by some wretched pittance, whereas the mill could give good wages to its workmen, because, from the use of capital, its products were large. For the same reason journeymen bakers are a slavish and ill-paid class of men. The concerns are usually small; the masters ill provided with capital; little or no aid is taken from machinery. The men must go through much toil, and be content with poor wages. But there are a few baking concerns throughout the country which are conducted on a large scale by men of capital: there the journeymen are as well off as any other working people, purely because, by means of capital, the products are comparatively great in proportion to the toil. In one of them, if not more, the bread is sold cheaper than it is by other bakers, and thus the public is benefited also by capital.'

'This may be all true, but it is too deep for me. I

only feel that we workfolk are always poor, although it is we who make all the things which other people enjoy. You masters make nothing. The rich people who are not in business do nothing but enjoy themselves. We toil for ever, and are never any better for it.'

'Well, I don't know how you come to think so. One half the masters in my circle of acquaintance were working-men—they have been the better of their toils. Almost all the men who have good situations about works or stores were once common workers—they have been able to make things a good deal better. A good many men I once knew as operatives, I now see keeping shops, and doing well in the world. That is another portion of the people who, you say, make everything, but are never the better of it. If you fix your attention only on those who are working-men at any particular instant of time, it may appear that they are not improving their circumstances, for nobody makes a great advance in a moment. But observe the progress of the class through a few years, and you will find that many go on to be something much superior to what they were at starting. The clever, diligent men, who can take care of their earnings, are almost sure to rise.'

'Ay, that is what we are always taunted with. We are expected to save where we scarcely make enough to keep body and soul together. I should like to see some of you masters called upon to save out of fifteen or eighteen shillings a week.'

'It might not be easy; yet I do not see that it is impossible, when there are men who have less wages, and can live upon them. Perhaps there are some unreasonable expectations formed regarding the ability of working-men to save. I can easily see how liable the inducements must be in many cases to fail before the difficulties. On the other hand, no improvement of any kind can be achieved except by a manful grappling with difficulties. Setting this aside, there is a vast number of working-men who have comparatively high wages, out of which they might spare a good deal; and yet they never lay aside anything. I do not, however, call for mere hoarding—or at least not hoarding for its own sake. But I should like to see working men get above the practical degradation of living each week on the proceeds of that week only. People who are content, year after year, generation after generation, to go on in the state called *from hand to mouth*, liable any day to fall out of work, and then become dependent on charity, are virtually slaves, though they do not bear the name. From this there must be some means of redemption, if it only could be hit upon—the principle of assurance has been suggested. Anything would be better than this living constantly next door to pauperism.'

'Robbed as we are by capitalists, it is all little enough that we come upon them for support when we are out of work. It will be long before we get back all our own from them—for is it not we who are the foundations of all their wealth?'

'I think labour is the foundation of all wealth; but I do not think any particular generation or description of labourers are so. The man who devises and directs is as truly a labourer as the man who works with his hands. Capital is also concerned in the case, and this is just the hoarded results of the shares of proceeds belonging to such of the labourers, whether with mind or hands, as have chosen to save, and been able to preserve and transmit their savings. So when we say labour is the foundation of wealth, we mean hoarded

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labour—that is, capital—as well as living labour, which is the toil of the men actually engaged in the operations.

'Oh you have got to political economy now. I give you up of course, for that is all jugglery.'

'It surely is a clear case. Say two men work in felling timber with his instruments as they can readily get. One spends all his wages; the other saves a little, and buys superior tools, with which he does a third more work, so that he presently obtains a superior income to his companion. Thus enabled to spare still more, he at length becomes the employer of that companion, and of other men, and finds it only necessary to direct the work and sell the products. In this case labour is the foundation of the whole concern, but it is not the labour of the men alone now working—the savings of the master and his management are also concerned. And it is a mere abuse of language to say that the master robs his men because they do not get all.'

'Look to the results, however. You cannot deny that there is a fearful and shameful difference between the two classes who are concerned in labour. There is vast wealth amassed in this country, but it is in the hands of a few. The working-people are poor, and every twelfth person in England is a pauper.'

'I do not believe it is true that the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few. The funds are divided amongst a great multitude. The depositors in banks are very numerous.\* There is nearly thirty millions in the savings' banks, mostly belonging to persons in comparatively humble circumstances, though but a small share, I believe, to artisans. Some very rich people there are, but they form the exception, not the rule; and such prodigies of wealth have existed in all civilised countries in all ages. Generally, it may be admitted that the employing class present a remarkable contrast in point of wealth to the employed; but I believe this distinction is not a necessary or unavoidable one to nearly the extent in which we see it existing.'

'Yes, it would be less if we had justice, and got our due share of the profits. To that we must come. The workmen must be taken into the concerns as partners, and not fobbed off with a mere weekly salary, which is spent in tradesmen's shops as soon as it is received.'

'Well, I know of no law which could compel a master to take his workmen into partnership with him, and I see no justice in making one. But neither is there any law to prevent masters and workmen from going into such an arrangement if they choose. Men may be guided on this subject entirely by their sense of what will be for their interest. Only it must be observed that, if masters advance all the capital, they must continue to have profits in much the same proportion as at present; and it would therefore be necessary for the workmen, if they wished for much larger incomes, to put in some share of stock, or allow a portion of their wages to run up for that purpose. The advantages of the plan would be, its creating a necessity for self-denial in the operatives, its giving them something to hope for, and its raising in them an interest in the business in which they are engaged; capital and labour would then be more essentially connected than they now are, unless, indeed, the men were to begin at length to hire substitute workers out of their profits, which would leave matters no better than they had been. Supposing it be determined to try this system of extended partnership, the workmen must expect difficulties, and be prepared for the occasional losses which are inseparable from all ventures—even for bankruptcy itself as a possible event. It might be that they would come to think in many cases that they would have

been as well with their clear, definite, ready-money wages, provided only they could have taken some care of them, and not spent all on immediate enjoyments.'

'What, then, do you suppose to be the cause of the working-class being so distinguished from all others by their poverty, if it be not that they get less than their fair share of the proceeds of labour? Give me some daylight upon that point if you please?'

'I believe that, in all concerns whatever, the workmen must ever have their fair share of the proceeds: it is by an irresistible law that this must take place. But from whatever cause—whether from something attaching to the wage system as not engendering hopefulness and care as to means, or from mere ignorance and bad habits—the working-classes do not in general make so good a use of their resources as other people do. When I contrast the frugal life of many poor shopkeepers, struggling to pay rent and taxes, with the self-indulgent lives of many workpeople whose gains are much greater, and see how decent and content the one set appear as compared with the other, I cannot but think that the latter are either morally inferior by nature, or that there is something in their circumstances which makes an approach to the respectable behaviour of the middle classes too difficult. Fools and knaves are constantly flattering them with the notion that their employers and the government are to blame for all their sufferings. Very natural to think anybody in the wrong but ourselves—but very dangerous too. I thoroughly believe that they get more than their strictly just share, for there is a constant and copious stream of beneficence running down to them from the more frugal middle classes—by which, again, their own interests are injured, for the money thus spent is so much abstracted from the capital which otherwise would be affording them remunerative employment. He would be their true friend who should endeavour to show them how much they have it in their own power to correct the evils in their condition; how one desire curbed was a greater advance to them than any act of parliament could be; how one aspiration for cleanliness in their dwellings, and the maintenance of good order in their families, was better to them than a gift of gold.'

'All this is preaching to the winds. Though I am not able to controvert what you say, I know that we all feel something else to be necessary. Many of us are now suspecting that the evil lies in competition, and that its only perfect remedy will be in going upon the opposite principle of co-operation. I have heard many good arguments for that principle, and it is working tolerably well in some places.'

'The sole question concerned there seems to me this—What motive are men to have for exertion? Hitherto, we have seen them usually proceeding upon the motive of individual interests. This is not a high motive; but it serves, in the meantime, to keep up a system of immense activity; and the results are magnificent. If men could be animated to equal exertions by kindly social feelings, each emulating the other in public services, without regard to his own immediate gain, it would be no doubt a better system, for it would develop superior feelings. But men would need to be considerably improved before we could expect the bulk of them to act on such disinterested principles. They may be fit for such a system in time, but they certainly are not so now. We must be content to put up with the many obvious evils of competition, only doing our best to soften them away by mutual kindness, until, in the progress of civilisation, the millennium of the higher sentiments shall arrive.'

'Then you expect us to remain content in the meantime with the evils which we suffer, in hopes that our grandchildren's grandchildren may be somewhat better off? I can tell you this won't do, Mr Stock.'

'You take me up rather too sharply. I think that much may be done for the immediate improvement of the condition of working-men. In the existing arrangements, your interest in the results of your labours is too

\* It has come to our knowledge that a branch bank in a Scottish country town of five thousand inhabitants has deposits to the amount of £300,000, although there are other three branch banks in the same place. A village of eight hundred inhabitants in a rather poor district of Lanarkshire has two branch banks, in one of which there are deposits to the amount of £140,000.—Eds.



alight and evanescent. The rural worker should have a piece of the soil to work upon for himself, that he may feel an interest in the business he is engaged in. The manufacturing labourer should be something more than the weekly-hired *ataché*, with the world to begin again every Monday morning; though I cannot well say what it is he ought to be. Education and sanitary reform must be introduced as auxiliaries, and the bonds of social union between classes must be drawn closer. I trust that the middle and upper classes will ere long become generally cognisant of the force of what I say. They may depend upon it that the mere maxims of political economy will not suffice: these show how wealth is to be most readily produced, but they do not tell us how human beings are to be adjusted in the relation to wealth which is most conducive to the general happiness. There is prejudice on all sides to overcome. Do you, Work, try to get the better of what you find among your confreres, while I make the same attempt with mine. By and by we may meet again, and have another conference. Meanwhile, believe you have not a better friend than John Stock.'

Stock and Work now parted. The latter was observed to be for some time after very thoughtful. What good may come out of the conversation we cannot tell, but he has had no squabbles with Stock ever since.

R. C.

## THE LAWYER'S FIRST CLIENT.

BY FERCY B. ST JOHN.

In the year 1782 there came from Paris a lawyer to establish himself in Arras, his native town. He was young, full of scholastic learning, but fuller still of Rousseau, whom he worshipped, and Voltaire, whom he detested. Very young, having, in fact, but little passed the age of boyhood, he assumed a very humble appearance. Too poor to afford a servant, he took a young and attached sister, an orphan like himself, to reside with him as his housekeeper; and this done, while waiting for business, he devoted himself to study and composition. Small and even awkward was the little room which served as the student's cell, until it should become the advocate's chambers; but scrupulous was its neatness, as if to vie with that of the person of its owner, whose black shoes, shining silver buckles, unspotted white stockings, and ruffled shirt, showed one full of precision and method.

Early one morning he sat in his studio, an open book in his hand, but not reading. He was dreaming, as those dream who, without being exactly ambitious, foresee the future greatness of their part in the world's history. He was a small, pale young man, of a bilious complexion, with spectacles shading his eyes, and with a nervous twitching in his face and hands that seemed to denote a spirit restless and uneasy within. Near him sat his sister, who, having put away the breakfast things, and placed a plate of oranges on the table, had taken in hand some domestic work suited to her age and taste. The young man was at his third orange, a fruit which he constantly devoured, when there was heard a stamping of feet on the landing without, followed by a ring of the bell.

The young woman hastened to open.

There stood on the threshold a little old man, who, though poor in dress, and hungry and weary in look, wore the costume of a marquis. There were the laced ruffles and red heels, the sword, and every other necessary accessory, even to the look of self-sufficiency and importance, which Molière's satire had not eradicated. He seemed to hesitate, though the door was open, as if he waited to be quite sure of being right.

'Enter,' said the young lawyer, rising and laying down both his book and his visions: 'I am very happy to see you, Monsieur le Marquis.'

'More than any of your profession has said for a long time,' replied the little nobleman, bowing himself into a chair, and laying his old hat upon the ground; 'for I

am poor, a bore, and have rich and great men for my enemies.'

'Ah!' said the young lawyer with one of his nervous twitches, 'and they like not to see you?'

'Certainly not,' he continued, shaking his head; 'for though my cause be rich, I am poor.'

'You come to offer it to me?' said the young man dryly.

'It is not worthy of your acceptance, my dear young sir,' said the other with a doleful mixture of hope and dignity.

'You are, Monsieur le Marquis, my first client,' continued the lawyer. 'I know not what your case may be; but you avow, with the frankness of a man, that you are poor, and—here the speaker frowned, and pressed his teeth together—'that you have rich and great men for your enemies. I am your avocat.'

'My dear sir'—said the marquis.

'Excuse me,' interrupted the young man, who had been eyeing his client through his spectacles, 'but you have no doubt a long story to tell. You would not wish to deprive me of my breakfast?'

'Not at all,' said the other ruefully.

'But, Monsieur le Marquis, if I might presume to request you to keep me company, we can thus talk more freely. Sister, let us have breakfast.'

The marquis made a frigid excuse, to which no attention was paid, the sister smiled, and felt she could have kissed her brother, and then ran out to prepare the young lawyer's second morning repast.

'You have, I see, a written statement,' said the juvenile man of law, as the old nobleman opened a roll which he held in his hand.

'Yes, a full history. It is long, young man, but so has been my existence, of which this is the history; and speaking thus, he adjusted his spectacles, and began to read. At the first word, the man of law started, for the name revealed a case which had been before the Cour d'Artois eight years, but which, from the powerful position of the defendants, had never come to a final hearing. Lawyer after lawyer had been bought off, until the whole bar of the *état* was bribed against the poor old man. His case, however, was very simple.

Twenty years before, he had married his only daughter and child into a high and noble family. The more richly to endow her, he had given as her marriage portion every acre of property he had in the world, houses, castles, &c. When the contract was drawn up, his *homme de confiance* inserted a clause by which the whole returned to him in case of his daughter's death before his, and by which free use of the whole was given him during life. For twelve years all went well, and then the one link of peace was broken, for his daughter died. Her husband and husband's family at once resisted the return of the property, and went to law with their aged relative, who, after eight years of weary and tedious existence, had resolved on trying the talents and generous enthusiasm of a mere boy, for his *avocat* was scarcely three-and-twenty.

Though he knew the case well, the young man listened—it was ever his wont—without interruption, except to place breakfast before his client; but his mind was not always on the words he heard. His spirit overleaped the present. He was at length a man; for one his senior in years leant upon him for advice and support, and his race of life had begun. But vainly that strange being sought to raise further the thick veil of 'beyond': he saw nothing but void and night, filled, it is true, with scenes, actions, and moving creatures, but shapeless, meaningless, and without form.

'There is a case!' said the marquis in conclusion, looking hopefully at his legal adviser.

'There is!' exclaimed the young lawyer, starting; 'and I will this day and night write a "mémoire," which to-morrow shall be printed, and in a few days all France shall ring with your wrongs.'

The little marquis rose and seized the other's hand, for these few words showed his adviser to be in earnest.

The man who was capable of printing such an attack on a rich and powerful family was not to be suspected of retreating. After a few hurried words of thanks, he took his hat to go, leaving the manuscripts on the table.

'I will not stay, young man,' he said with a voice thick with emotion, 'for I shall hinder you from studying the matter. When may I return?'

'Stay,' said the other, musing. 'By six this afternoon I will have half done: I will then pause to dine. If Monsieur le Marquis will honour me, we can then read it over together.'

The noble client of the young man looked hard in the other's face, as if to read some meaning in this invitation; but his avocat was poring over the huge statement which he had given him, and he could detect nothing but legal acumen in the expression of his face.

'I will dine with you,' he said; and then he thought to himself, 'I will repay him when I gain my cause, if I can repay such services.'

And with a ceremonious and courtly bow the marquis went out.

'A client at last!' exclaimed the young man with a smile which was almost savage; 'and a grand case too. What subjects for invective against injustice, against oppression, against tyranny!'

'But, François,' said his sister with a smile, 'what am I to get for dinner?'

'Nothing more than usual, except in quantity; and now, dear girl, leave me to my labours.'

'With pleasure, François. But though I could kiss you for your noble conduct to this worthy old man, do look out for a little business too that will pay.'

'Pay!' said the young man in a voice which was slightly shriller than usual, because it was raised; 'never, sister. I know not why, but I do believe all my clients will be poor.'

And seizing pen and ink, he began to write with that energy and perseverance which were ever the characteristics of the man; nor did he cease until a ring at the door announced the return of his client, whose delight at the progress made was sincere and energetic.

The sister, without delay or ceremony, at once served dinner, and down they sat to refresh exhausted nature.

The old nobleman, long inured to disappointment, and to whom a gleam of sunshine was like the opening of a life-dungeon, was little hopeful, and even desponding; but the earnest discourse of his avocat somewhat roused him, and ere dinner was concluded, and when a quiet bottle of wine had warmed the old man, he began to see a path leading out of the desert in which for eight long years he had wandered.

'Monsieur le Marquis,' said the young man at length, 'I will now read my memoir.'

The client bowed his head to listen, with ears more charmed than those of lovers waiting the first fond avowal of returned affection. The lawyer read. His production, though slightly tinged with collegiate pedantry, with that half-learned Greek and Latin lore that made bastard Roman of the French of the last century, was vigorous, and, above all, audacious; and seven years before the Revolution, he made use of many of those arguments which afterwards brought it about. The rich and powerful family which held the property was most unsparringly handled: no epithet which indignation and generous hate of wrong could invent was spared.

'And you will print and sign your name to this?' said the client with a doubtful shake of his head.

'Why not?' replied the other dryly.

'Then my case is won, for it will reach the throne. As for you, young man, I need not promise you my support when reinstated: you will not require it.'

Not quite three months after this interview, the Marquis de Liancourt Chateaupret took possession of the whole of his property, the oppressors were disgraced at court, and the young lawyer found business crowd upon him sufficiently rapid to warrant the prophecy of his first client.

More than eleven years had passed, and a far different scene presented itself. Paris was at the same time the head-quarters of an army and the highest tribunal of justice, legislative and executive. Without, Europe was in arms against the Revolution, which made superhuman exertions to defend itself. Its laws ordained that every French citizen was permanently in requisition for the army, and that an extraordinary quantity of arms should be made. The young men were sent to the army, the married men were employed in transporting and preparing materials of war, women made clothes, and attended to the hospitals, children made lint, the old men roused others to enthusiasm by harangues in the public places. Palaces were turned into barracks, and churches into warehouses. All horses were placed at the disposition of government, and in fact every measure taken by the terrible Committee which governed France to repel the invader. To punish the treacherous, the inimical, the indifferent, the suspected, the fearful guillotine was at work day and night, while a mass of prisons were filled by those denounced to the vengeance of the laws.

It was early morning at the Luxembourg—one of the many prisons of the gloomy Reign of Terror—that era when, for causes not to be inquired into here, the air was thick with blood, when the atmosphere seemed crimson, and when grass grew in all the rich quarters of the city. The mass of prisoners—aristocrats, Federalists, Girondists, Brissotins, Fayettistes, and others congregated together in this palace-made prison—were dispersed in knots, conversing or reading the public prints. In one corner were a batch about to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, in whose pale faces there could be traced a ray of satisfaction at the prospect of being removed by death from wearisome confinement; others, whose fate was less near, spoke carelessly of the events of the day, criticised the leading men of the hour, or expressed their hope of the triumph of this or that party—cautiously, because no one knew but that his neighbour was a spy placed in the prison by Hebert or Marat to seek the discovery of plots.

Apart from the rest was a group of touching interest.

On a rude bench, in a dark and gloomy corner, sat an old man, very old and very feeble. He was seventy, and his spare gray hairs seemed to remove all idea of his having been capable of conspiring against the Republic. And yet he was a secret agent of the exiled Bourbons, and had been caught in the act of organising a rising against the Convention. In those days, when death was the penalty of falling for those in power, there could be no shadow of hope for this old man. He was guilty of conspiring against the government, and had he succeeded in his end, would have led all who then ruled to the scaffold. He complained not, for as he would feebly say, 'It was they or I: had I gained, they had fallen. Victory is with them: they are right to use it.'

While none hoped, all pitied and sorrowed for that gray-headed old man; but none more seriously and more effectually than the young and lovely widow of a general officer, who had been convicted of secreting a treasonable correspondence. No sooner did she see how weak and exhausted the aged prisoner was, than forgetting herself, she piously devoted her whole thoughts to one who reminded her of happy hours, of soft and gentle memories, of the delightful and sunny period of existence, when she knew no other care than to see to a beloved and invalid parent's wants. She brought to him his food, assisted him in his walks about the common hall, read to him from the terrible chronicles of the day, and more than all besides, talked to him of a dear and only child long lost to him, but whose face was ever fresh before him, as when in baby prattle it called him father.

'But I will be your child,' she would say. 'Once out of this gloomy prison, we will fly to the country; and till war ceases to desolate the land, and infuriate and demoralise the people, we will live in secret retire-

ment: and think you that you have refound your daughter—in me, my good, good father.'

'Amelie,' would the old man reply, 'we shall never leave this place but to ride in the fatal *charrette*. I am a conspirator against the Republic—its enemy. I am in its power: I must die.'

'No, no!' cried Amelie, on the day in question with a shudder, which plainly told how little confidence she had in her own words: 'never will they slay you!'

'Child, child! the men who govern France sit on the summit of a fearful volcano: whoever seeks to hurl them down, and falls, must perish. I am a dead man. You, child,' he added, fondly gazing on her lovely face, 'you may—nay, will escape.'

'I have no trace of hope,' said she mournfully.

'The Citizen Liancourt!' thundered a hoarse voice.

The pair raised their heads, and saw six men, whose huge outlasses, vast tricoloured cockades, loose coats, coarse hats and shoes, with shining muskets, showed them to be some of the *sans culotte* national guard. Near them stood the jailer.

'Here,' replied the old man, rising and advancing, leaning on the arm of his fair and trembling aid.

'Prepare for a removal, citizen,' said the chief of the band roughly, but without brutality.

'Without my child?' exclaimed the old man, clinging to his supporter, and calling her by the name she had adopted.

'Faith of a republican!' said the chief, observing his feeble aspect; 'the *Citizen-Representant*—here he glanced at a paper—'said nothing of a daughter; but that can be easily corrected. En route.'

The old man pressed fondly the arm of Amelie, who, too accustomed to the rapid and dramatic course of events in those days, felt no surprise at her sudden departure; and though she left behind her worldly wealth, in a small box of clothes, made no observation. Though carriages were generally abolished as signs of aristocracy, yet a vehicle stood at the door—one of those used by the leading men of the Committee of Public Safety to return home in after late debates at the Convention—and into this the old man and his devoted child of adoption entered. The *sans culotte* guard mounted their horses, and the cortège moved slowly towards the Seine.

'I hope we are not to be taken to the horrid *Conciergerie*?' said Amelie shuddering.

'Heaven only knows!' said the old man: 'let us be thankful we are not separated.'

With these words all conversation ceased, both gazing out curiously at the streets of Paris, to which they had been many months strangers. Presently they started, for they were crossing the bridge which led to the Place de la Révolution, and a sudden turn of the carriage made both close their eyes. The guillotine *en permanence* had struck them to stone. Next minute they were sobbing on each other's bosom. Escaping thus the knots of idlers, and the degrading spectacle of the ferocious women called the 'furies of the guillotine,' who lurked round in waiting for prey to torture and insult, they roused themselves when, having crossed the Rue de la République (now Rue Royale\*), they halted before a house of mean appearance in the Rue St Honoré.

Both gazed curiously at what they expected to be their new prison; but ere they could examine much, two or three fanatical and sombre-looking men had rushed forward and opened the carriage door. The chief of the *sans culottes* made a sign to them to descend, which Amelie did with alacrity to assist the old man. This done, they passed through a carpenter's yard, where lay huge piles of timber, entered a little court, and then ascending a stair, were ushered into a large apartment. It was a bedroom and study both. On the bed lay maps, papers, open books; on the table a

huge mass of ugly scrawled manuscript and of English newspapers, which the occupant of the room was eagerly devouring, while every now and then he muttered to himself impatiently, 'Pitt! always Pitt, and George, and me—my armies, my troops, my resources! Miserable libellers—humph!'

The man raised his head, and the lawyer and his first client were once more in presence.

'Citoyen Robespierre!' cried the old man.

'Citoyen Liancourt!' replied the dictator of France with a smile—'sit down. What sayest thou to breakfasting with me again? My sister will serve us as usual.'

The old man sank into a chair, overwhelmed with emotion.

'Citoyen!' said Robespierre, after causing Amelie to be seated, 'I have not, thou seest, forgotten my first client, and my last; for I was last night thy advocate for two hours before the Committee. St Just said thou wast a traitor; and so thou art: but surely I may for once offend my colleague by saving even one guilty against his country!'

'Against the Republic!' stammered the old man, scarcely recovered from his surprise.

'Which is thy country and mine just now,' said the deputy of Arras dryly. 'But let us not dispute. We differ in opinion; thou servest one master, I another; both hard to serve, and thankless; but in serving thine thou hast forfeited thy life!'

'Which you are about to save?'

'I am, my old, my first client,' said Robespierre sadly.

'That was a happy day, Citoyen Liancourt—a happy day: I had not then the fate of thirty millions of men on my head, and all Europe leagued against me. Ah! my friend, little dost thou know the thankless office so many envy me. I neither rest nor sleep—I am no more myself—I am weary,' and he sipped as usual some camomile tea: 'but in-revolution one can but advance—or die.'

'You are far from that, citizen,' put in the still wondering *ci-devant* marquis.

'I know not. The fearful torrent rolls on apace, and must be stopped.'

'Men say not wrongly then,' cried the royalist, 'when they think you wish to stay this fearful tide?'

'To will and to do is different,' said the tottering dictator. 'Just now it is in my power to save thee: no man knows how soon I may be the weaker of the two. Let us talk of thy safety and of that of thy friend.'

Robespierre then explained that he had provided a passport for the Citoyen Scipio Mentor, *en mission* for the frontier, to which he now added, without asking a single question, the name of his daughter. This, signed as it was by himself, with a few assignats, would enable the old man, he said, to gain the frontier, and there end his days in peace.

'And now, my good old friend, farewell! We are embarked on different roads. Thou art for the old, I for the new. Thorny is my path, and difficult, and severely shall I be judged; but, and he took the hand of the old man, 'let me have the satisfaction of knowing that amongst those who do not wholly condemn me is my first client.'

'My saviour, and that of my child!' replied the aged royalist fervently, 'fear not my blame. I will do you justice at least. It is not for me to judge your acts and motives.'

'And now, my friends, once more farewell! There wait without ambassadors, deputations, proconsuls, supplicants, the whole crowd that wait on power, and I must meet them. We shall never meet again! Think of me, for the few hours I have to live, not too ill.'

And Robespierre, after pressing the hands of both, led them to a side-door, where his faithful sister awaited them with breakfast. This meal, gratefully accepted and despatched, the old man and his child went out into the gloomy streets. Though several times stopped and questioned, the signature of the great Jacobin was

\* The very day I write, the street has retaken the name of 'Rue de la République.'



like a talisman, and both reached in a few weeks a small and obscure town in Belgium, where, for the sake of the ultimate destination of his property, the ex-marquis induced his companion to become his wife. Nursed by her tender and affectionate care, he lived many years, and died in peace and quiet, in the enjoyment of a small income which he had saved from the wreck.

A few months after leaving Paris, the old man and his young wife received intelligence of the fall and death of Maximilian Robespierre. Both wept; for neither could forget that to one, justly or unjustly the object of execration, they owed the prolongation of their lives. Amelie, when again a widow, returned to France, and came into possession, ultimately, both of her own and her husband's property. To her exertions it was due that, at the Restoration, the poor sister of Robespierre received a pension from government; and thus had she ever reason to bless the memory of the poor old man who was her brother's first client.

### AERATED WATERS.

Among the important branches of our manufacturing industry at first called into existence by the luxury, and perpetuated by the necessity of men, we may assign a high rank to the manufacture of aerated waters. Although a large amount of labour and capital is thus employed, but little is known to the generality of readers of the processes employed in supplying the tables of the wealthy or the sick with these pleasant and often valuable beverages. We believe, therefore, that a sketch of the history and method of preparing such waters will be read with some degree of interest.

As an article of luxury, and still more as a branch of commerce, the manufacture of aerated waters is of very recent origin. Waters aerated by some natural processes in the crust of the earth have been celebrated and valued from time immemorial, and have proved an unintermitting source of wealth and health to the possessors and visitors of the localities in which they were discovered. Springs of water saturated with carbonic acid, and having an agreeably acidulous taste, very refreshing in the heat of summer, abound in many parts of Germany. In the electorate of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Eissel, these pleasant springs are found in great numbers, and supply the inhabitants with a valuable and inexpensive carbonated water. In many such cases, the continual process of decay going on in beds of wood-coal beneath the soil, appears to be the source of the carbonic acid: as the water bubbles up, it meets with the gas, and dissolves it, then makes its appearance at the surface as a sparkling fountain, impregnated to a very considerable amount with this gas. Carbonic acid springs also exist in volcanic districts, where the earth no longer glows with its wonted fires, yet preserving a dull heat, sends up incessant streams of the gas through the superincumbent soil. Towards the end of the last century, chemists began to inquire whether they could not imitate this agreeable natural production. Dr Priestley, the celebrated philosopher, appears to have been the earliest experimenter upon the subject, and particularly notices the brisk and agreeable flavour of artificially-prepared water holding carbonic acid in solution. Subsequently, the well-known Mr Nouth turned his attention to the subject, and after a little time, produced a highly-charged effervescent carbonated water, which came into great esteem. His apparatus consisted of three or more glass vessels, placed one above another, and each communicating with the one below and the one above. The uppermost was provided with a strong glass stopper, accurately fitted. The lowest was also provided with a second neck, well stopped, through which the materials for generating the gas were

passed. Into the two upper vessels water was put, so as to half fill them; into the lower, fragments of pure marble and some dilute hydrochloric acid. The acid, acting upon the marble, decomposed it, and caused the evolution of its carbonic acid gas; which, unable to escape in any other direction, rose through a valve in the neck of this vessel, and bubbled through the water in the one above, and again in the one above that. After this process had continued for a certain time, the water was drawn off, and was found to possess all the agreeable qualities of the natural waters, and in a superior degree. This was an elegant imitation of the process which we have mentioned as actually taking place in nature. But it occupied much time; and though the product was a palatable beverage, it was not sufficiently so for the improving taste of aerated water-drinkers. Mr Pepys and another gentleman thought to improve upon this apparatus by another on a somewhat similar principle, in which the water was made to pass again and again through a vessel containing a high charge of carbonic acid. But this method was also abandoned in its turn.

A London manufacturer, who was now rising into eminence, appears to have been the first to have caught the idea of effecting the impregnation of water by mechanical agency; and the aerated water thus produced surpassed all others in pungency and in its charge of gas. The process, however, was kept a rigid secret. Mr Pepys says—'The first apparatus in which condensing pumps were used openly I saw at an apothecary's in the city, who did not claim the original invention, as it had been suggested to him by several of his chemical friends.' The most complete instrument in the year 1800 was one devised by Mr Pepys, which, with but one important omission, contains all the parts of the modern engines. This machine consisted of a force-pump, gasometer, reservoir, bottling-tap, &c., and was long used by several houses now engaged in the trade. The liquid at first prepared was simply water highly charged with carbonic acid gas, or carbonated water. But it was soon found that a small addition of alkali improved the beverage, and also made it a valuable remedial agent. Carbonate of soda therefore was added, with a successful result; and the important aerated water so well known as soda-water thus originated. As it is the most agreeable of the alkaline beverages, it has retained its position; but not without competitors, for potash-water was soon afterwards introduced, subsequently magnesia-water, and more recently lime-water, under the poetical title of Carrara-Water. None of these, however, can be compared with good, genuine soda-water, as all possess in too strong a degree either a soapy or an earthy flavour. They have therefore come to be considered rather as members of the dispensatory, and as medicinal remedies, than as luxuries of the table. One great deficiency in the apparatus up to the period last mentioned was, the absence of any means of agitating the water so as to expose it thoroughly to the gas. If any one had entered a soda-water manufactory fifteen or twenty years ago, he would have seen the first rude attempts at accomplishing this object. Copper cylinders of great strength, bound with iron, were used as reservoirs for the charge of gas and water, and made to revolve generally by steam power on an axle fitted to the centre, in order that there might be a thorough intermixture of the materials. After whirling about for some time, the cylinder was carried to the bottling place, and its contents drawn off. This method was both imperfect and terribly wasteful, as a strong charge of gas was always left when the water had been drawn off, and this was allowed to blow off into the air! Without, however, dwelling at greater length upon the gradually-improving method of manufacturing aerated waters, we may proceed at once to describe the manufacture as it is now carried on on the large scale, and with all the modern improvements.

The manufactory to which we have had access is probably one of the most extensive in the provinces; and with several advantages accruing from its site, com-

bins all the most perfect methods now in use for the preparation of these largely-consumed fluids. It is situated on the banks of the river Clwyd, in the little town of Ruthin, deeply embosomed in the vale so well known to Welsh tourists as the Vale of Clwyd. Its supply of water, which is so essential a portion of the manufacture, is probably unrivalled. This appears due to the fact of the geological basis of the district being the red sandstone. The water of the river percolates directly through a thick bed of this rock, becoming thus perfectly filtered before it is drawn for the use of the manufactory. Probably no water contains so minute a portion of mineral impurities, and upon this seems to depend the success of the manufacture. Passing by the engine-room and bottle-washing machinery, in which is an ingenious contrivance whereby the bottles to be washed fill themselves in the proper manner with water, the soda-water mechanism is arranged in a separate portion of the manufactory. A compact machine, something like the large model of a beam steam-engine, is at work at a rapid rate before us. On one side are the driving pulleys and fly-wheel, in the centre a polished reservoir of bell-metal, and at the further end a solid metallic plunger, rapidly moving to and fro in the perpendicular direction. This is the force-pump of the apparatus; and it is so arranged, that no extraneous matters of any kind can become mixed with the fluid. At the opposite end of the machine is a copper vessel, plated in the interior, which holds a graduated supply of the alkaline water, from thence drawn by the pump, and sent into the reservoir. This vessel is itself supplied by a pipe proceeding from an immense tank of slate in another part of the manufactory. Near the pump two pipes converge; one comes from the vessel just mentioned, the other proceeds directly from a very large gas-holder of copper, also out of sight; at this point two regulating indices are placed, on which is engraved 'Open,' 'Shut,' with a number of intermediate degrees. By this means the supply of water and of gas is conveniently adjusted, according to the degree to which it is required to charge the fluid. An arrangement of cog-wheels drives with great rapidity a spindle, which revolves inside the spherical reservoir, and thus agitates and mingles inseparably the gas and water.

From this part of the machine the now perfectly aerated fluid descends by a strong pipe to the bottling engine. At the top of this reservoir is a safety-valve, heavily loaded; and to insure the perfect saturation of the water with the gas, this valve is kept by the pressure within just on the lift, and not unfrequently blows off with considerable noise. The bottling of a fluid thus highly charged with elastic gas is, as may well be imagined, an operation of no common difficulty. In the greater number of manufactories it is still done by hand: the cork, hastily thrust in, is struck down into the bottle with a wooden mallet, greatly to the risk of the bottler and the bottle; while it has also this disadvantage, that the hand is unable to resist a pressure of more than three or four atmospheres, and hence the cork resists all efforts to drive it down until a large part of the charge has escaped. All these objections are obviated by the ingenious machine called the bottling engine. This is fixed in an upright position, at a little distance from the machine in which the fluid is prepared; and its supply is derived, as has been said, from a strong pipe connected with the reservoir. There is a sort of treadle, worked by the foot, having a wooden cup which receives the bottom of the bottle; the neck of the bottle is then placed inside a hollow collar of bell-metal, at the upper end of which the cork is put down from above, and in the side are holes connected with the pipe conveying the fluid. Above, there is a plunger, intended to force the cork down, worked by a powerful lever in the bottler's hand. The tap is turned, the fluid rushes in and fills the bottle, and the lever is forcibly dragged down, bringing the metallic plunger with it, and burying the cork in the neck of the bottle. It is then quickly removed, taken by the hand of an assistant just behind, who straps it down with tinned iron wire, when it is again delivered to another, who wires it in the opposite direction, and thus the captive cork is held firmly down.

The rapidity with which all this is effected can scarcely be believed. An expert bottler can often bottle off *two thousand five hundred bottles* as his day's work! The loss by breakage is frequently great—that is to say, where the maker is really honest, and charges his bottles with their full complement of gas; where this is not the case, it is very trifling. At the manufactory in question, many dozens of bottles are thus lost every day, although the glass of such bottles is from one quarter to occasionally half an inch in thickness. In order, therefore, to keep up the supply of bottles alone, a large amount of capital is sunk every year; and the floating capital represented by the thousands of bottles dispersed about in different parts of the country is very large indeed. After the bottles have been secured in the manner thus described, they are despatched to the labeller, who affixes the name of the article and that of the maker: they are then sent to the packing-room, where they are carefully put up in hampers, and sent off by the manufacturer's wagons to all parts of the country.

The apparatus for producing the carbonic acid gas, in this manufactory, is placed in an out-building. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the fact, that the addition of diluted sulphuric acid to chalk produces an effervescence, which is owing to the escape of carbonic acid gas, while the chalk becomes a sulphate instead of a carbonate of lime. These are the agents employed in this manufactory. The chalk is first mixed in a large reservoir with water to the consistence of cream, and then poured into a great leaden retort. To this is attached a leaden bottle, containing sulphuric acid; and a gas pipe, with a stopcock, conveys the gas resulting from the mixture of these substances through water into a large gas-holder, from whence the pump of the engine draws it for the use of the machine. By its side is the capacious tank for the alkaline liquor, capable of holding many hundred gallons; and a small pipe from it feeds the machine, as we have before seen. The engine which washes the bottles, and makes the soda-water and other aerated waters, has also to pump from the deep well the large daily quantity of water consumed, and supply-pipes are conveniently arranged to the several tanks and cisterns in this part of the building. We have not by us at this moment the statistics of the annual consumption of chalk, or 'whiting,' as it is called, and sulphuric acid, but we remember it was something very large—many tons of the one, and carboys of the other. Indeed, the consumption of these articles in the manufactory is so large as to have an effect upon the sulphur and 'whiting' trades. The principal sources of the chalk are the white walls of England—the extensive chalk cliffs on our south-eastern shores.

Although we have only described the manufacture of soda-water in this brief sketch, it may be taken as a tolerably accurate account of the mode of preparing every other aerated water, the principal differences lying in the differing nature of the fluids employed. Dr Ure, who has paid much attention to this, as to every other department of our arts and manufactures, engaged in an elaborate analysis of a number of samples of soda-water; and publishing his results in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal,' makes the very startling announcement, that by far the greater portion contained either no carbonate of soda at all, or at most about *one grain* in each bottle! And it is a well-known fact to medical men, that most of the so-called soda-water is merely water impregnated with carbonic acid. The reason appears to be, that the addition of the alkali to the water is costly in two respects—in the price of a sufficiently pure article, and in the larger quantity of gas the alkaline water absorbs. The best makers, however, are faithful to their reputation, and in their soda-water ten or fifteen grains of the alkali will always be found in a form the most agreeable of all for its administration. Dr Ure gives also some curious facts upon the average quantity of gas: in inferior soda-water it was very variable, but in the best, each bottle contained on the average 12,000 grain measures of gas, mixed in 4000 of water. Some experiments made by another gentleman, exhibit the amount of gas in the best London soda-

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water at twenty-eight to thirty ounces; and in that of the manufactory in question, probably in consequence of the purity of the water, the charge was found to be thirty-two ounces of gas in each bottle. At the ordinary atmospheric pressure, water takes up its own volume of the gas; and these results show, that under the influence of a pressure equal to many atmospheres, it absorbs in addition two volumes more. Too much reliance, however, must not be placed on these results, in consideration of the frequent loss of gas by leakage.

The only other aerated water of any repute is the oxygenated water. An ingenious gentleman, noticing the volubility of laughing-gas in water, and believing that a remedial agent of great value might be thus prepared, took out a patent for the article. For some time it was in great repute; but although we have made diligent inquiries after it, in consequence of its value as a medicinal fluid, the manufacture appears now either to have been discontinued, or to be of a very limited extent. The gas was procured by heating the salt known as the nitrate of ammonia; and was then made by a process similar to that described above. The liquid had an agreeable sweetish taste, and sparkled like ordinary waters. If the Liebigian theory of the causes of several very common disorders is correct, the constant drinking of this water, thus supplying a large amount of oxygen to the system, is much to be recommended. In the account published of its effects some years ago, it was stated that several persons had derived the most marked benefit from its use. The expense of the preparation is probably the chief obstacle to its large adoption; the cost of the nitrate of ammonia being many times greater than the gas-producing materials employed in the other manufacture. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that this gas is not oxygen itself, but an oxide of nitrogen, or nitrous oxide.

There are some mechanical ingenuities connected with our subject, which may be appropriately mentioned in bringing it to a conclusion. The early ligatures to tie down the corks were string; but this was quickly abandoned, in consequence of the pressure against the cork bursting the string. Wire was then used, and has been since most generally employed, of various kinds—copper, iron, tinned, and galvanised. Tinned wire is now beginning to be employed; and in a large manufactory, the consumption of wire alone will probably amount to some tons in the course of a year. We were lately shown an ingenious contrivance for this end. A hole was made in the neck of the bottle, and a metal pin thrust through the cork, so as to make its escape impossible. Another plan consists of a little plate with a couple of wire straps; this is slipped into the cork, and the straps embrace firmly the neck of the bottle. An elegant instrument, principally for metropolitan use, has been lately introduced in London, consisting of an earthen vase of artistic design, charged with carbonated waters, which are drawn in the required quantity by a clever mechanical tap at the top. The name of this instrument is the Syphon Vase. It forms an ornamental addition to the dinner-table; but from difficulties connected with the recharging, it is principally adapted for local use. A number of machines have been from time to time proposed for domestic use, of greater or lesser ingenuity; but that general proposition, applicable to so large a variety of subjects, obtains here also, that where the article is of large consumption, it is always best and cheapest to procure it of those who devote themselves to its exclusive manufacture. We suspect if there were invented a domestic tallow-candle-making machine, putting aside the excise difficulties, the most economical plan would be found to be to purchase the article ready-made.

It has long been a whim of ours, and we mention it because it may probably attract the notice of some one who has opportunities for practically making the attempt, that the elastic force of the carbonic acid generated in this manufacture might be economically applied, on the expansive principle of the steam-engine, to drive the machinery used in the manufacture. The gas might be generated in a powerful receiver, then be conducted into a kind of receptacle or boiler, from which it might

proceed, drive a small engine, and finally escape into the ordinary gas-holder to be used for the machine. If any one should think it worth his while to make the trial, we beg to present him with the idea gratis, although we are not over-sanguine as to a successful result.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING MAN.

Most readers of newspapers must be acquainted with certain articles contributed to them during the progress of the free-trade movement, with the signature of *One who has whistled at the plough*. This person proves to be the same Alexander Somerville who created a sensation during the latter days of the reform movement (summer of 1832) as a private in the Scots Greys, who had been flogged indirectly for writing a letter to a newspaper, in which he expressed his belief that his fellow-soldiers would not support the Duke of Wellington in an effort to resist the national will as declared by the House of Commons. The child of a mason's labourer in Haddingtonshire, Somerville obtained some tincture of learning at a parish school. While, in boyhood and early manhood, working at laborious employments for small gains, he educated himself by reading and haunting the company of such intelligent persons as fell in his way. The final result is, his being a favourite and well-paid writer in the newspapers, and his publishing, at seven-and-thirty, a narrative of his life, possessing no small value as a report to one department of society of the feelings and workings which go on in another, that other being at present the subject of a problem charged with the gravest interest to present and prospective humanity.

The volume opens with sketches of the cottage economy of Scotland, under the care of a decent industrious couple, influenced by the religious feelings of our country, and inspired with the anxious wish to bring up their children in a creditable manner. With all the drawbacks of a somewhat stern discipline, the system has a certain moral beauty, for which, it is to be feared, there is no counterpart in much of the modern life of better-paid working people, whether in town or country. Somerville partook of the usual hardships of his class—was half-starved in dear years, tyrannised over by the farmers' children at school, and thrashed by the master for resisting; sent to tend cattle while yet a child, and persecuted by superstitious fears, against which no one could instruct him to defend himself. He was not yet a man when, like Burns, he had to do a man's work, breaking stones on the road, cutting drains, and acting as a sawyer—all of them most laborious employments. While thus engaged, intellectual pleasures came to him; and he details the delightful novelty of his sensations on first reading the *Ayrshire poet*, on seeing a play, and perusing a newspaper. By and by he had to move about the country in search of work, generally with companions. One of the difficulties attending this kind of life was to avoid joining his friends in their potations of whisky, to which he had no sort of liking, while, moreover, he desired to be able to return home with a good suit of clothes purchased by his savings. It is distressing to hear of the sacrifices made by Somerville's associates to the demon of liquor. On pay-days, he says, it was hardly possible for the most abstemious and resolute to escape spending money on liquor; meaning, we presume, that those who were most inclined, tempted and compelled those least so, to join them in their orgies. It was in the crisis of the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, when the outcry for political reforms arose, that the following circumstances took place, strongly illustrating a point which we lately brought before the reader:—

'A number of masons were hewing the blocks of stone, and each hewer had a labourer allotted to him to do the rougher work upon the stone with a short pick, technically to "scutch" it. The masons were intolerable tyrants to their labourers. I was in the quarry cutting the blocks from the rock when the tide was out: and when the tide was in, I went and scutched with some of the hewers, chiefly with my friend Alick. One day, when we had been reading in the newspapers a great deal about the

tyranny of the Tories, and the tyranny of the aristocracy in general, and some of the hewers had been, as usual, wordy and loud in denouncing all tyrants, and exclaiming "Down with them for ever!" one of them took up a long wooden straight-edge and struck a labourer with the sharp edge of it over the shoulders. Throwing down my pick, I turned round and told him that, so long as I was about the works, I would not see a labourer struck in that manner without questioning the mason's pretended right to domineer over labourers. "You exclaim against tyranny," I continued, "and you yourselves are tyrants, if anybody is." The hewer answered that I had no business to interfere; that he had not struck me. "No," said I, "or you would have been in the sea by this time. But I have seen labourers, who dared not speak for themselves, knocked about by you, and by many others; and by every mason about those works, I have seen labourers ordered to do things, and compelled to do them, which no working man should order another to do; far less have the power to compel him to do. And I tell you it shall not be done."

"The labourers gathered around me; the masons conferred together. One of them said, speaking for the rest, that he must put a stop to this; the privileges of masons were not to be questioned by labourers, and I must either submit to that reproof, or punishment which they thought fit to inflict, or leave the works; if not, they must all leave the works. The punishment hinted at was, to submit to be held over one of the blocks of stone face downward, the feet held down on one side, the head and arms held down on the other side, while the mason apprentices would whack the offenders with their leathern aprons knotted hard. I said that, so far from submitting to reproof or punishment, I would carry my opposition a great deal farther than I had done. They had all talked about parliamentary reform; we had all joined in the cry for reform, and denounced the exclusive privileges of the anti-reformers, but I would begin reform where we then stood. I would demand, and I then demanded, that if a hewer wanted his stone turned over, and called labourers together to do it, they should not put hands to it unless he assisted; that if a hewer struck a labourer at his work, none of the labourers should do anything thereafter, of any nature whatever, for that hewer. (The masons laughed.) "And farther," said I, "the masons shall not be entitled to the choice of any room they choose, if we go into a public-house to be paid, to the exclusion of the labourers; nor, if there be only one room in the house, shall the labourers be sent outside the door to give the room to the masons, as has been the case. In everything we shall be your equals, except in wages; that we have no right to expect." The masons, on hearing these conditions, set up a shout of derisive laughter. It was against the laws of their body to hear their privileges discussed by a labourer; they could not suffer it, they said, and I must instantly submit to punishment for my contumacy. I told them that I was a quarryman, and not a mason's labourer; that, as such, they had no power over me. They scouted this plea, and said that wherever masons were at work, they were superior, and their privileges were not to be questioned. I asked if the act of a mason striking a labourer with a rule was not to be questioned. They said, by their own body it might, upon a complaint from the labourer; but in this case the labourer was insolent to the mason, and the latter had a right to strike him. They demanded that I should at once cease to argue the question, and submit, before it was too late, to whatever punishment they chose to inflict. Upon hearing this, I put myself in a defensive attitude, and said, "Let me see who shall first lay hands on me!" No one approaching, I continued, "We have been reading in the newspaper discussions about reform, and have been told how much is to be gained by even one person sometimes making a resolute stand against oppressive power. We have only this day seen in the papers a warning to the aristocracy and the anti-reformers that another John Hampden may arise. Come on, he who dares! I shall be Hampden to the tyrannies of masons!"

"None of them offered to lay hands on me; one said they had better let the affair rest where it was, as there would only be a fight about it, and several others assented; and so we resumed our work."

"Had it been in summer, when building was going on, they would have either dismissed me from the works, or have struck, and refused to work themselves. It was only about the end of January, and they could not afford to do more than threaten me."

Against such a specimen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' it is delightful to place the following anecdote of humble benevolence. Somerville, with some companions, arrived in Kelso in search of work on the eve of a hiring fair day:—"We could get no lodgings there, every place being filled with cattle-dealers and other strangers already arrived for to-morrow's fair. Thoroughly worn out, we lay down on the causeway of a narrow street where there seemed to be the least traffic, and the least danger of being run, ridden, or driven over in our sleep. Some of us were already asleep, when a weaver and his wife, opposite to whose humble cottage door we lay, came out and said they could not go to bed, nor rest if they were in bed, with the thought of fellow-creatures lying in the street. They had a large family of children, a small house, and were only poor persons, they said; still, if we would go inside, they would at least give us the shelter of a roof and a fire to sit by. We went in. The weaver and some of his children made a bed for themselves beneath the loom; his wife and the other children went to a bed in the loft, and four of us lay crossways on the bed which they had vacated in the kitchen. The other three stretched themselves on the clothes-chests and the chairs. In the morning, one of us went out and bought tea, sugar, and bread for breakfast, while the kind woman got us water and a tub to bathe our blistered feet; and the weaver gave his shaving razors to those who needed shaving, and took his other razor, which was past shaving, and pared such of our feet as had bruises; and took a darning needle and worsted and drew it through the blisters, leaving a worsted thread in the blisters—the best possible cure for them. When we had breakfasted, and were all bathed, doctored, and refreshed, the good woman, her heart overflowing with motherly generosity, said, "No, we must not offer to pay her; no, we must not speak of thanks even; we were no doubt some mother's bairns; she had bairns of her own, and the wide world was before them yet; it would be an awful thought for her to think it possible that they might ever be without a roof to sleep under. Oh no; we must not speak about paying her; she had done nothing, nor the guidman had done nothing but their duty, their Christian duty, whilk was incumbent on them to perform to their fellow-creatures."

In the Merse (Berwickshire), our author found there were some curious distinctions between the rural labouring class and those of his native district, though they are divided only by a rivulet. The people of the former province work much the hardest, but are perpetually changing masters, and they can never furnish forth their marriageable daughters so well as the Lothian labourers. "As indicating some peculiarities of the maids of the Merse and of Lothian, I may report what their respective admirers may be heard saying of them. He from the Lothian side of the small rivulet before-mentioned is told that he cannot get a lass for his wife in Lothian who can bake a scone." He rejoins that he cannot get one who can "fill muck at the midden, and drive the muck carts, as they do in the Merse: they never," he says, "gar women drive carts in Loudan." And he says the truth. The Merse man next takes up what he calls the Loudan tone: he says, "In Loudan the women are so slow at their work, and have such a long tone to their words, that when they speak, they stop their work until the tone comes to an end, and in that time a Merse woman would work round about them." The apologist of the merits and manners of the lasses of Lothian cannot suffer this to be the last word; he retorts smartly

\* Cake of barley-bread.

and without a very long tone, that "if the women o' Loudan dinna cut their words so short as they do i' the Merse, neither do they cut their claes so short: gin [if] the lasses o' the Merse would eik the Loudan some to their short goons, their short goons would set them the better, and maybe the lads would like them naething the waur."

"Should these disputants be shearing with the Merse women within hearing, as is most probable, the "Loudan louts," as they are ill-naturedly called, may reckon on a *kemp* [contention] which shall stretch their skin before they get to the end of the field. Their best agility and strength, and their worst and fastest work, cannot cope with these women as shearers. The men have not yet been born who are their matches at a *kemp*. They will be first at the land end, if they should slash the corn down, and trample over it without laying it in the bands for the bandsters to tie in sheaves. They must, and will reach the land end first. The Lothian shearers, let them do their best, must only follow. When the latter do reach the land end, they will be taunted by the others, and told that they must "sup another bow o' meal afore they kemp again wi' the lasses o' the Merse, or cast up to them about their short goons!"

After many changes of masters and of employment, Somerville enlisted in the Scots Greys, and the spring of 1832 found him a recruit of one-and-twenty in the Birmingham barracks. The men caught the contagion of the time, and some joined the political union. Somerville, from a sense of propriety, abstained from doing so, though as keen a reformer as any. At the crisis when it was apprehended that the Duke of Wellington was going to undertake an anti-reforming government, our hero wrote his famous letter—a proceeding, we humbly think, much to be condemned, but not so much so as that of his officers in punishing it. There seems no room to doubt that the first consequence of his authorship being suspected, was to force him into an act of disobedience. He was put upon an unruly horse, without stirrups, and obliged to ride it in the school, till, seeing that he must be thrown, he dismounted, and refused to resume his lessons. Placed under arrest for trial, he was brought before the commanding officer, Major Wyndham, who taxed him with a treasonous act in writing the letter, and told him he would repent of it. There was a hurried and irregular court-martial—a condemnation of course, and the infliction of a hundred lashes, which Somerville here describes in most vivid terms. As must be remembered, he became a martyr of the newspapers and clubs, and the case being noticed in the House of Commons, a court of inquiry sat upon it, and condemned the conduct of Major Wyndham as 'injudicious.' Somerville was enabled by the public beneficence to obtain his discharge, but he suffered much in delicacy of spirit, from the efforts of vulgar-minded partisans to parade him and his sufferings before the public. His value as a subject for the newspapers comes out in a strong and somewhat amusing light in these memoirs.

Much credit seems due to him for his refraining from all retaliatory measures against his oppressors. While remaining steadfast in his political prepossessions, he does not seem to have been provoked by his experience of the wantonness of power into any general feeling of bitterness against either classes or persons. The trades'-unionists of 1833-4, expecting to find in him one fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, endeavoured to inveigle him into a conspiracy which it now appears had been formed, with objects not greatly different from the famous Gunpowder Plot; but he not only shrunk from the part assigned to him with horror, but gave the government such warning as enabled them to defeat the plan. He afterwards served in the Spanish legion, where he attained the rank of sergeant-major. On returning penniless, he wrote a narrative of that distressing episode—an extraordinary work, from the circumstances under which its composition was commenced. 'I might,' says the author, 'have found friends, and have got assistance in Glasgow. I would not, in the dirty regimentals I was clothed in, go to any person who had before known me. The person to whom

I offered my certificate of six months' gratuity for a quire of writing paper, and pen and ink, to begin to write my narrative of the legion, would give nothing for the worthless certificate, but made me a present of several quires of writing paper. I walked out of Glasgow, three or four miles up the Clyde, got into a field of beans nearly ripe, crept out of sight into the middle of the field; lay there three days and nights, writing the first chapters of my "Narrative," and living on the beans. I sent the farmer a copy of the work afterwards, as payment for what I had eaten.'

The style of this book is quiet, simple, and perspicuous. The writer tells much against himself; yet the general impression left is in his favour. In the humblest situations, he seems to apply himself to the duties before him with diligence; he resists debasing pleasures, for the sake of something better; he is content to be a loser, rather than fall the least grade in integrity. Many of his remarks on the position and interests of working men might be listened to with advantage by that class, and there are passages in the volume calculated to be of wider utility: for instance, the following:—"An old cavalry soldier in Edinburgh gave me some words of counsel, to be observed in the stable and the barrack-room. I refer to them now, because I have found them, or similar rules, useful elsewhere than in a stable or barrack-room. One was, to observe when the soldier's wife, who might be in the same room with me, was about to go for water to the pump, or was in want of water, I was to take her pail and say, "Nay, mistress, let me go to the pump for you," and go instantly. Another rule of conduct was to anticipate a comrade who might require his clothes brushed, and rise and do it for him before he had time to ask the favour. And so in the stable, if I had charge of a comrade's horse in his absence, he on guard perhaps, to be as kind to his horse as to my own; and at any time, if I had nothing to do myself, to put forward my hand and help some one who had something to do. The same readiness to oblige may be practised in a workshop, in a literary office, or any other office, and is as necessary to be observed there as in a stable. But I fear that if there be not a natural inclination to be obliging, the desire of acquiring the good-will of associates will fail to make one always agreeable. Almost all men, probably all, who have risen above the social level upon which they were born, or who have created new branches of trade, or have been inventors, or have made discoveries, have been men who were ever ready to put forth their hands to help a companion in his work, or to try to do something more than what was allotted for them to do by their employers. The apprentice, or journeyman, or other person who will not do more than is allotted to him, because he is not bound to do it, and who is continually drawing a line to define what he calls his rights, with his fellow-workmen, or with his employer, or, if in the army, with his comrades, and the non-commissioned officers immediately over him, is sure to remain where he is, or sink to a lower level. He is not destined to be a successful master, tradesman; to be a discoverer in science, an inventor in mechanics, a propounder of new philosophy, nor a promoter of the world's advancement, and certainly not of his own.

'It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column, or columns of a newspaper, or sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of there being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken the baby from a soldier's wife when she had work to do, and nursed it; or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's



acoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and travelling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was much more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I have accepted it at whatever wages I could obtain—at plough, in farm drain, in stone quarry, at breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in a sawpit, as a civilian, or as a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse for a sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—been sought after, and offered—ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accept shillings, I would not have risen to guineas.\*

#### FIVE DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.\*

On the morning of the 5th of last November we were encamped on the line of survey in the Tobique district, about five miles from the Little Gulquac. At eight o'clock, the party having struck the tents, and got their several loads in readiness, commenced their day's march along the line, when I left them, as I usually did, for the purpose of examining the neighbouring country. I took a course to the westward for about half a mile, behind a small mount, from the top of which I was led to expect an excellent view of the surrounding country, as observations from it of distant mountain heights had already been made by the surveying party during the summer's operations. After making a few notes and sketches, I went to the top of the hill, where I remained for a short time similarly employed. I next descended, with the intention of regaining the line of survey, and joining the party. This, however, I found to be no such easy matter. The country in this neighbourhood has to an immense extent been laid waste by extensive fires, and the trees, and even the soil, in some places are so thoroughly burnt up, that there is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen; in others, the naked trunks of the trees are left standing, like the grim ghosts of a stately forest race, charred by fire, or blanched by the storm; or they are tossed by the whirlwind into the most frightful heaps of confusion. These are termed 'windfalls,' and form some of the most formidable barriers to the progress of the traveller of the wilderness.

The surveyed line through this section of country, owing to the facts above stated, was merely traced out with small stakes, placed at long intervals, which, having become dark and discoloured, could scarcely now be distinguished from the surrounding dead-wood. I was not then in the least disconcerted at failing to find the line, but continued to advance in the direction which I knew it to take, stopping from time to time to make sketches and observations as before. As it was now getting late in the afternoon, and I felt confident I had gone quite as far as the party were likely to have advanced in their day's march, I again made an effort to discover them, by traversing the country both to the right and left for a considerable distance, whooping as loud as I possibly could; but all in vain; I could neither hear nor see anything of them. Very little more than half a mile from where I stood I recognised a rocky height from which I had, the year before, made some observations, and immediately proceeded thither, in the hope of being able to discover from it the smoke of the camp. On reaching the summit, there stood the post which I had placed for my instrument exactly as I had left it a year

ago. I carefully scanned the face of the country round in every direction, but the anxiously-looked-for smoke was nowhere to be seen; and I was at last most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my hope of finding the party for that night at least.

Not knowing whether the surveyed line lay to my right or left, I resolved on taking the direction in which I thought there was least personal risk, and therefore lost no time in getting on a line which had been run by my directions the year before, along which I kept to the northward, as, in case I did not in the meantime cross either the other line or tracks of the party, I should have at least made some progress towards Campbell's, the nearest settlement on the Tobique. I continued to press forward without discovering the objects of my search. I had reached the Beaver Brook, a branch of the Wapakihegan, when night overtook me, and it commenced to rain. It was now quite certain that for one night I must forego the comforts of food, fire, or shelter—having at the same time no doubt of my easily reaching Campbell's some time next day. My situation at that time, although but the commencement of my disaster, was one of no ordinary suffering. I had already undergone nearly twelve hours of the most harassing fatigue, without food or a moment's rest; and now, cold and wet, stood alone amid wind and rain, in a sterile and shelterless wilderness, and on a night so dark, that the very sky seemed black. What was to be done? To follow a course, and move forward in the dark, I knew was impossible. There were thirteen long hours until daylight, yet I dared not lie down to rest, for fear of perishing. I at length resolved to endeavour to follow the course of the Brook, in doing which, I had difficulties to surmount which would, I have no doubt, appear to many almost like impossibilities, even by daylight. Such a night of falls, wounds, bruises, scratches, and fatigue, as, I confess, beyond my powers of description. On the morning of the 6th, I found I had got to within a short distance of the mouth of the Brook, which I crossed, intending to follow down the Wapakihegan river, until I came to a lumber road I had travelled the year before, leading by Shea's Mountain to the Campbell settlement, on the Tobique river. The waters were now much swollen, so that I could only scramble along a very steep bank, thickly wooded with underwood and trees. I had gone some distance down, when, thinking that a little way back from the bank of the river I might probably find the travelling easier, I took that direction, and again found myself in a seemingly open country of burnt lands. The surrounding highlands were distinctly seen on all sides in the distance, and amongst the most conspicuous was Shea's Mountain, which led me to the resolution of taking a direct course for it, not dreaming of the formidable difficulties I should have to encounter on the way. I toiled on with determined perseverance through a dreadful combination of windfalls, marsh, lakes, streams, &c., so that another day was nearly spent before I had reached the mountain. I at length found the lumber road, and now considered myself safe, and my journey nearly at an end, being only four miles from the settlement; but I reckoned without my host. I followed the road for a short distance, until I came to an old lumber camp and road leading off to the left, which I examined, and unfortunately rejected, as it appeared to pass on a different side of the mountain to that which I knew the proper road to take. From that moment I continued to go astray.

On travelling a little way further, I came to a second old lumber camp, where the road again branched into two. A snow-storm had now commenced, and night was once more fast approaching. On going about a mile and a half down one of the roads, I did not like its appearance, and returning, followed the other, which I found equally unsatisfactory, as it did not much resemble the road I had travelled during the summer of last year. I, however, endeavoured to console myself with the pro-

\* The hero of these adventures is Mr John Grant, employed in the Halifax and Quebec railway exploration survey.

bability of the difference in its appearance being caused by its covering of snow.

I continued to travel for some miles through a low marshy ground, until I became quite convinced of my being in a strange part of the country; when I returned, with the intention, if possible, of regaining the old lumber camp before dark, and passing the night in it; but the night came upon me so suddenly, that I had only time to go a little way to the right, where the ground was higher, and less swampy, and take up my quarters in the shelter of some low bushes, a few branches of which I threw on the ground before lying down. I need scarcely say I was wet, cold, hungry, and much fatigued, having now continued to walk without interruption for upwards of thirty-five hours. On lying down, I got into rather a distressing sort of slumber, from which I in a short time awoke, with much pain in my limbs and back, and stiff with cold. I got up and walked about, until once more overcome with fatigue, when I again lay down, to endure a repetition of my sufferings; and in this way passed a dreadful night of about thirteen hours. On the morning of the 7th, as soon as I was sufficiently clear, I left my wretched couch, shivering with cold, and by no means refreshed after my fatigue. I was nevertheless in tolerable spirits, not considering myself lost, and feeling assured that within a few hours at least I should once more be in comfortable quarters.

The cravings of hunger were now becoming excessive, and not even a berry was to be seen with which I might allay them. The weather throughout had been, and still continued dark, and the only compass then in my possession I had long considered as useless; I, however, took off the glass, with the hope of repairing it, but my hands had become so numb with cold, that the needle slipped from my fingers amongst the long grass, and I was unable, after the most diligent search, to recover it. I now found that both the roads leading from the lumber camp again united, and resolved to continue the one I had been following, under the impression that it must bring me out somewhere on the Tobique. For a considerable distance it traversed a low marshy district, where I found it very difficult to follow, being sometimes up to my knees in water. After a march of several hours, I came to a *timber brow*, on a river which appeared of doubtful size for the Tobique; but as of course my route lay down the stream, I, under a gradual mustering of doubts and fears, continued my journey in that direction.

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped! but not a sound in reply. The stream murmured on its bed, the wind rustled amongst the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all: everything else was silent as the grave. In a short time after, a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived: their canoe, I thought, could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed! but to my utter amazement, not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leant against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they recoiled, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted, but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flashed upon my mind: it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoured to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like

a death knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found that I was treading upon long *dry grass*; to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of *delirium tremens*, brought on by exhaustion; but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which, from being now swollen, left me no beach to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which, mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but a very little way from the settlement (in reality, upwards of twelve miles off). I had not advanced a great way further, until I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen, I got up, and endeavoured to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me, that I had really lost my strength; and as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who I had no doubt were by this time in search of me; or, what certainly did appear improbable, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulled off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water, and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them, to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down, excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavouring to get up, I was at first unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen; the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however, with a good deal of painful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able with my feet in the water, for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvas haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I also scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of split stick, threw them into the stream. I next moved back a little way amongst the long grass and alders; and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow, I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavoured to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down amongst the long wet grass, having placed

my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favour the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed another long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, had become very much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive; yet I had of late seen so many phantoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard. All my exertions were unavailing; and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses' feet on the bed of the river. On looking up, I saw they had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream, they saw my handkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken into a cabin built at the stern of the tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs. They made me a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned, and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr Campbell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log-house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness; and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavoured to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during a period of more than five days and nights, without either food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid; although I at first suffered a great deal,

both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival. I must, in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him.

### THE INVALID SEA VOYAGE.

WHEN all other remedies fail, physicians recommend travelling, a sea voyage, or some other mode of change of air, locality, and habits; and such changes often produce wonderful effects on the system. Nor can this be well explained in theory. Physicians know not how it happens; they prescribe it empirically, and, as in many other cases, are guided by experience, not by reasoning. To invalids, there is something at first view in a sea voyage repulsive and uninviting; but if the arrangements and accommodation are at all tolerable, this feeling is soon got the better of. To pass from a comfortable home into a ship, appears at first unpleasant; but to pass from the crowded smoky atmosphere of the city to the pure, expansive, and quiet atmosphere of the ocean, will be found a relief and a pleasure. Let us see what is the difference of this atmosphere from the other, and then we will be better able to judge, especially in the case of a debilitated nervous person, one whose digestive organs are out of order, or worn, and whose chest, and breathing, and circulation are constant sources of anxiety and annoyance.

The sea air is pure and uncontaminated. It is of a soft equable temperature—lower than that of land often is, it is true, but not liable to such sudden changes—never dry and parched; and rarely, except under a tropic sun, hot and suffocating. It contains, in general, about an equable portion of moisture—not too much—never in excess, as is often the case on land, and never too little. The stratum of air next the sea is, on the whole, drier than that on a corresponding portion of land. This arises from certain laws of temperature and evaporation. Then its electric condition is much more uniform—a matter of more importance than is generally imagined. There are no epidemics, influenzas, plagues, or anything of the kind experienced at sea. On the contrary, as soon as the fugitive and sufferer from such maladies finds himself fairly out into the ocean, all of them disappear. How seldom do we find the sailor, while at sea, affected with any of those maladies so common on land, and especially in cities! No one but an invalid can know or appreciate the comfort of a sea atmosphere, the increased ease of breathing, the renewed vigour and elasticity, the absence of palpitations, and the sound sleep which the monotonous dashing and the salutary motion of the wavy billows induce. To a landman, to be sure, the rolling motion at first is not so pleasant; but custom soon reconciles him to this; and in certain cases this very motion becomes highly beneficial.

The sea air, we have said, is pure and bracing. Instead of the noxious particles and effluvia constantly floating about in the city atmosphere, and the miasma not unfrequent in the rural plains and valleys, the sea air is impregnated with a slight proportion of saline matters—common salt, iodine, bromine, and some others. Now, may not these act chemically on the system? And hence, probably, the renewed and increased appetite, the improved condition of the secretions, all essential in a state of perfect health. But a sea voyage is monotonous? Not at all—especially not to the invalid. It may be monotonous to a fox-hunter, to the owner of bullocks, to the cavalry officer, to the view-hunter, ever on the wing, flitting about for novelty; but to the invalid, indisposed to much bodily exertion,



inclined, or obliged to live by rule, and to walk, talk, and move by square and measure, where can there be such a place as a snug vessel, where the meals, the watches, the deck scrubbing, and every sort of work and occupation is regulated by the strictest regard to time? To the invalid, who, after one meal, spends half the interval in thinking about and anticipating the next, what so delightful as dinner served up to a very minute, and cookery, too, though simple, yet of the very best description of its kind? A roasted potato never tasted anywhere so well as on board a ship, perhaps the master-work of some jet black and shining-faced negro, born with an instinct for cooking yams! And what can be more palatable than pea-soup—the boast of all cabin-boys? Then there is a novelty about all naval operations, which months of keen observation cannot fully satiate. The evolutions on deck afford a never-failing source of investigation; the sails, and ropes, and yards, and pulleys, and gay ensigns and pendants; the human population—from the captain down to the black cook and the urchin cabin-boy, with all their peculiar actions, sayings, and looks—afford exhaustless studies to the inquisitive novice. Then the economy of the cabin—its furnishings, lockers, berths, have all to be scrutinised—its storm-windows, lights, fireplaces, mirrors—all so different from anything on shore; and when this is exhausted, an exploration of the fore-castle, the hold, and every corner and cranny of your temporary prison-house, will all tend to supplement your enjoyments.

A ship has been called a prison; but where is thought so free and expansive as when looking around you from the deck in some calm and glowing evening, or in the still hour of mid-day? It is true your actual sphere of vision is circumscribed; for looking on the level sea from a ship's deck, your circle does not embrace above two or three miles in extent; yet how vast and boundless a flight into infinite space does not fancy suggest to your mind, and what calm and elevating trains of thought may you not pursue, as hours on hours glide on unheeded? But the view is monotonous, it is again affirmed, and unvarying in its elements; for there is nothing but the same sea and sky, the one touching, or appearing to terminate, in the other. But so it is in your country-house, in the middle of that flat plain, or even in your ornamental cottage, placed in the most picturesque situation. All these become monotonous to the dull eye or the unidea'd mind. But at sea, have you not all the varieties, as well as on shore, of cloud and sunshine—of glorious sunrise and splendid sunset? Have you not the calm—the breeze grateful as a cooling breath, and as an essential sweller of your sails—the stiff breeze curling the green swelling waves into white foam, and the storm raising sky and ocean into awful sublimity? People say you cannot read at sea or write much; but this is a mistake. Where are there greater letter-scribblers, journal-writers, or even book-makers, than sailors? But for an invalid much reading or writing is not necessary, rather injurious. Let him divert his mind with pleasing variety, calm musings, and easy observation. The great deep, far from any shore, does not indeed present many animated objects. It is singularly destitute of vegetation, and of the larger kinds of animated life; but the ocean waters, even at such remote distances from land, still swarm with minute beings—the shining clogs, the sailing phasalas, and innumerable animalcules, that will display themselves before the microscopic lens. Then, too, may the sailor invalid become an astronomer—watch the stars, the moon, and the satellites, and learn how these all serve to guide the mariner's track so surely through the vast ocean. The daily reckoning and ship's progress, the taking of the sun's altitude, the approach to land, indicated by the floating sea-weeds and the white-winged sea-birds, that joyfully take their flights around—all these are sources of gentle and salutary excitement. The very stepping on shore, feeling again the tread of earth, seeing the trees and green

fields, the houses and crowds of bustling citizens, with the consciousness of renewed health and vigour, are all circumstances so pleasing to the invalid, that he will look back on his ship with love and thankfulness.

#### GENEROSITY OF AUTHORS.

THE sight of a learned man in want made even the satirist Boileau so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In a letter to his wife, written in August 1706, Steele mentions that he has 'paid Mr Addison the whole one thousand pounds'; and at a later period he says, 'Mr Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon.' It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, 'To be taken as occasion may require.' He was frequently deceived by impostors, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of most lamentable misfortunes; but no feeling mind will harshly censure him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—

'Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the heard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness conigned;  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.'

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, the writer on natural history and agriculture, 'lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, always cheerful, and is an honest worthy man.' Voltaire was ever happy to assist persons in distress, especially young persons of talent struggling with difficulty. The granddaughter of the great dramatic poet Peter Corneille, being destitute of money and friends, attracted the sympathy of Voltaire, who supported her for three years; and having by that time finished her education, he married her to a gentleman. Voltaire not only gave her a marriage-portion, but he wrote, and published by subscription, for her benefit, a commentary on the works of her celebrated grandfather, whereby she obtained in a short time fifty thousand livres. The king of France subscribed eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, subscribed considerable sums. M. De la Barde, the king's banker, took several copies, and greatly increased the sale of the work by his zeal in promoting the benevolent intentions of Voltaire. To an unfortunate bookseller at Colmar, whose affairs were much deranged, Voltaire made a present of his 'Annals of the Empire,' and also lent five thousand livres. Two brothers, respectable citizens of Geneva, having invited him to print his productions there, he complied, and made a present of his works to them in the same handsome manner as he had done to the bookseller at Colmar.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (Miss Wilmot), when a rather unpleasant intruder rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Delia fainted, while Shenstone quietly surrendered his purse, anxious to see the back of the man as quickly as possible. The robber seized the money, threw his pistol into the water, and immediately decamped. Shenstone ordered his footboy to pursue him at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time the lad returned, and informed his master that, having traced

the man to his home, he peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him throw the purse to his wife, and then taking up two of his poor children, one on each knee, he said to them he had ruined his soul to keep them from starving, and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Having learned that he was a labourer, reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a large family, Shenstone went to his house, when the man, kneeling down at his feet, implored mercy. The poet not only forgave him, but provided him with employment as long as he lived.

When Lord Byron resided in the Albany, Piccadilly, a young lady, an unsuccessful poetess, who was friendly, and involved in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems. From a perusal of his works, she concluded that he was of an amiable disposition, and much misunderstood by the world. His kind reception of her fully confirmed her opinion; for having simply stated her motive for coming to him, he in the most delicate manner prevented her from dwelling on any painful troubles, by immediately beginning some general conversation; in the course of which he wrote a draft, which he folded up and presented to her as his subscription. She did not of course look at the paper while in his presence, as his conversation was too delightful to be relinquished for a moment; but on her leaving him, she inspected it, when to her joy she found it was a draft on his banker for fifty pounds.

Roscoe humanely devoted the profits of his amusing 'Memoir of Richard Roberts' to the use of that singular, helpless, and half-witted person, well known in Liverpool from the extraordinary number of languages which he could read, self-taught. After the publication of Roscoe's work, the poor, and, till then, dirtily-clad linguist, might be seen properly clothed, with his portable library stuffed, as in former times, between his shirt and his skin, for he still disdained a fixed abode.

#### MINES OF NATURAL MANURE.

The 'Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette' announces the important fact, that beds of fossil phosphates—the most fertilising of manures—have been discovered in Surrey, along the lower edge of the chalk formation. Liebig has already predicted their existence in the following words: 'In the remains of an extinct animal world, England is to find the means of increasing her wealth in agricultural produce, as she has already found the great support of her manufacturing industry in fossil fuel.' The fulfilment of this prophecy is due to the exertions and researches of Mr J. M. Paine of Farnham. That gentleman having noticed that a certain portion of his estate, remarkable for the green tint of the soil, was exceedingly prolific, sent some of the earth to a chemist for analysis without any conclusive result, but afterwards forwarded to Professor Way a box of marl dug out of a pit sunk in the same sort of soil. This proved, on analysis, to possess great fertilising power, which was very materially increased when washed and selected. Out of the richest vein of one of the pits (says Mr Paine) we dug a mass weighing 32 lbs. This was thoroughly washed, and from it we obtained 14 lbs., or about 44 per cent., of clean hard fossil-like lumps of every size. The fossils contain sensible quantities of fluorine, but its proportion was not ascertained. Mr Paine has no doubt that similar strata of rich manure exist in equal, if not greater abundance in other parts of England. The vast importance of his discovery to agriculture need not be pointed out.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

#### THE FIRST OF MAY.

In Scotland, the observance of May morning seldom extends further than the bathing of faces in the tempting dew; but we learn that the young girls of a boarding-school in Dingwall, for the first time in the north, or at least in that ancient burgh, crowned their May-queen, danced round their Maypole, and observed the occasion with all due respect; the girls singing 'Flora, save the queen of May,' and kneeling by turns to present an offering of flowers, each emblematic of some tender wish.

#### THE FAR FAR EAST.

It was a dream of early years, the longest and the last,  
And still it lingers bright and long amid the drowsy past;  
When I was sick and sad at heart, and faint with grief and care,  
It threw its radiant smile athwart the shadows of despair:  
And still when falls the hour of gloom upon this wayward breast,  
Unto the FAR FAR EAST I turn for solace and for rest.

I feel as if some former birth (as Indian sages tell)  
Had given my migrant soul within these realms of light to dwell;  
And now that, ever and anon, when vexed with strife and pain,  
It struggles through the mists of time, and wanders home again:  
For still in pious reverence to her I bow the knee,  
As if indeed the FAR FAR EAST a mother were to me.

Sure 'tis the form I worshipped then which haunts my memory now,

To mock with fairy light my dreams, and flush my pallid brow;  
Sure 'tis the hand I then did grasp in friendship's holy strain,  
For which this cold and selfish clime I search, and search in vain:  
Alas! nor heart nor hand like these I meet where'er I rove,  
And in the FAR FAR EAST lie hid man's faith and woman's love.

Oh for the morning's swiftest wings to bear me as I flee!  
Oh for the music of the waste, wild winds and moaning sea!  
Oh to behold yon western sun sink in his bloody grave,  
And a new day-spring rise for me upon the desert wave!  
Oh to throw off this coil of thought, and care, and grief, and pain,  
And in the FAR FAR EAST to be a joyous child again!

L. R.

#### OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—a sea of glass like unto crystal. So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realise the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the glomming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting-sun. But for it the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their fleet messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth; nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hall-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshaded forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.—*Quarterly Review.*

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